Anti-Philosophy of the Subject

Mankind's Origin Is in Its Fellows

For oboe quartet

[VIOLIN]

Pilar Miralles – 2022 Commissioned by Cuarteto Emispherio

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Pilar Miralles (2022)

About the piece and performance

This is a piece about the Anti-Philosophy of the Subject, the fact that mankind's origin is in its fellows. The quality of human being is only endowed to those capable of putting their fellows above any other component of the organized society such as the economic organization and interest.

The piece features two performative moment where the audience is involved other than through the listening process. These two excerpts might be approached with a proper attitude for an effective interpretation of the piece:

• Spoken passage (mm. 86-103): the oboe player may leave the instrument in order to focus on the reciting. The text is written on the score according to its position against the strings' material. A suggested rhythm is notated on a percussion staff, but the reciting should be calm and natural; thus, the string players should follow a flexible tempo to accompany the voice. A cue staff is provided in each separate part containing the speech of the oboe for synchronization reasons. The text should be read with clear and calm voice, adding the necessary fluctuations in rhythm and character as felt by the performer in concordance with the meaning of the text.

At m. 102, a chord is hold by the strings while the oboe player recites the penultimate strophe of the poem. At m. 103, the string players will join the speech all together, while maintaining the chord and progressively increasing the dynamic up to the fortissimo of the next section at m. 104. The oboe player will take back the oboe at m. 104 and prepare to play again in the next bar. Further information about the text is to be found in next page.

• Holding hands passage (m. 127 up to very end): after the hold at m. 126, the oboe, viola and cello players are invited to conclude the piece performatively. They may leave the instruments and stage behind, and head to the audience. The violin player would stay on stage playing the last solo passage up to the very end of the piece. Each player offstage may choose a row of the audience and invite the person at the end of the row to hold their hand, encouraging the rest of the listeners to follow the same action and build a chain of holding hands to be maintained until the very end of the piece.

The objective of this performative part is to promote a communal "non-religious" praying-like attitude for the creation of a space for self-reflection or spiritual seclusion. The last chord may be hold by the violin player as much as needed, and the position off-stage may be maintained as long as necessary during the very last bar of the piece, which consists of a rest.

About the durata

The total duration of the piece depends on several factors such as the flexible interpretation of the cello, viola and violin solo passages and the reciting of the text. The estimated (suggested) duration shouldn't be under 12 or over 15 minutes.

Miguel Hernández - Vuelo (Poemas últimos, 1939-1941)

[Flight - From Last poems (1939-1941)]

(Strophes in italic were not included in the piece)

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Sólo quien ama vuela. Pero ¿quién ama tanto que sea como el pájaro más leve y fugitivo? Hundiendo va este odio reinante todo cuanto

quisiera remontarse directamente vivo.

Amar... Pero ¿quién ama? Volar... Pero ¿quién vuela? Conquistaré el azul ávido de plumaje, pero el amor, abajo siempre, se desconsuela de no encontrar las alas que da cierto coraje.

Un ser ardiente, claro de deseos, alado, quiso ascender, tener la libertad por nido. Quiso olvidar que el hombre se aleja encadenado. Donde faltaban plumas puso valor y olvido.

Iba tan alto a veces, que le resplandecía sobre la piel el cielo, bajo la piel el ave. Ser que te confundiste con una alondra un día, te desplomaste otros como el granizo grave.

Ya sabes que las vidas de los demás son losas con que tapiarte: cárceles con que tragar la tuya. Pasa, vida, entre cuerpos, entre rejas hermosas. A través de las rejas, libre la sangre afluya.

Triste instrumento alegre de vestir: apremiante tubo de apetecer y respirar el fuego. Espada devorada por el uso constante. Cuerpo en cuyo horizonte cerrado me despliego.

No volarás. No puedes volar, cuerpo que vagas por estas galerías donde el aire es mi nudo. Por más que te debatas en ascender, naufragas. No clamarás. El campo sigue desierto y mudo.

Los brazos no aletean. Son acaso una cola que el corazón quisiera lanzar al firmamento. La sangre se entristece de batirse sola. Los ojos vuelven tristes de mal conocimiento.

Cada ciudad, dormida, despierta loca, exhala un silencio de cárcel, de sueño que arde y llueve como un élitro ronco de no poder ser ala. El hombre yace. El cielo se eleva. El aire mueve. Premiered on the 5th March 2023 by Cuarteto Emispherio in Seville. Commissioned by Cuarteto Emispherio, as part of the "Interconexiones: New Oboe Quartets" project. Many thanks to the patrons of the "Interconexiones" project: Platinum Patrons: Howarth of

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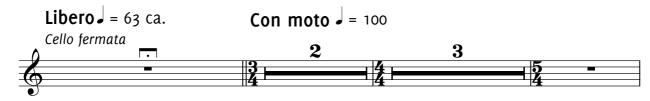
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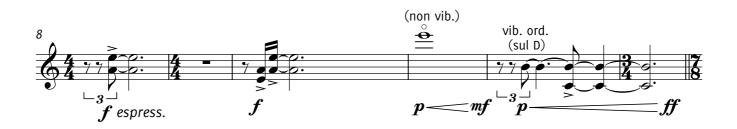
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Blank space left to avoid a cumbersome page turn.

Three pages are to be displayed up to the end of the piece.



The oboe player recites the poem as indicated on the percussion staff, featuring a natural spoken rhythm despite the suggested one, and with calm and clear voice.

